THE SCOTTISH SOVLDIER.

BY

LAVVDER

SVNT ARTIBVS ARMA DECORI.

EDINBVRGH
Printed by *Iohn Wreittoun*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, a little beneath the ſalt Trone. 1629.

Regd of 16905

TO SCOTLAND.

BEhold the ſhaddow of thy Warrelike Sonne
Great Mother, from whoſe Worthie-fertile Wombe
So manie thouſands haue tane birth, and wonne
An endleſſe Fame abroad, and Name at home:
Sharing the glorie of each Conqueſt great,
And Victorie obtainde in brave defaite.

LAWDER.

THE SCOTTISH SOVLDIER.

ARme, arme, to Armes, the Trumpets ſound each where,
And Drummes doe beare in ev'rie Martiall eare:
Rouze vp, my brave and valiant Countrie-men,
The golden Age doth now returne againe;
In which our ſwords ſhall ſheare enough vnſowne,
And make the fruits of everie field our owne:
The harveſt of true Honour draweth neere,
When everie head that would a Laurell weare
Muſt clad in ſhyning ſteele march to the field,
And gather Crownes which furrowes then will yeeld.
While Kings enthron'd in duſt doe gaſping lie,
And clowds of ſmoake eclypſe the Sunne and skie:
Which Cannons thundring throats doe vomite forth,
Where death and danger ſhowes to trye true Worth:
O what a brave occaſion have you now!
To make the Earth and all her Monarchs bow
To your victorious Armes? which heeretofore
No forraine yoke of bondage ever bore;
When all the ſur-face of this ſpatious Round,
Where either Land or Iland could bee ſound,
That might inlarge *Romes* Empire was made thrall
Her ravenous Eagles ſoaring over all,
You kept your bounds vnconquer'd to this day,
And did *Romes* Empire bound, her conqueſts ſtay,
And made her powerfull hoaſts your harme ſo feare,
That they huge Ramparts of defence did reare

From axe-armde *Scots* invasion, you who ne're
By any stranger yet subdued were,
If Heavens great favour you implore a while:
Which never did but on your Armies smile,
You may presume (and with good hope) to bring
The World t'adore the *Lyon* for her King:
For why were you reserued ever free,
If not the Emperours of this *Earth* to be?
Our Nation euer hath most Noble beene,
And all the Neighbouring World hath wondring seene,
More Worthies, sent from hence in forraine Warre,
Whose Courage greatest dangers could not marre,
Then ever any Kingdome all about.
Could for her owne defence at home bring out,
For Warre hath beene the practice of this Land.
Since *Fergus* footed first our *Scottish* sand,
And ere our fathers in the World did come,
They heard th'Alarums in their mothers wombe,
Which made them all borne Souldiers, for the feild
Their birth-place was, their cradle was a shielde,
Why should not we then, spoung of warrlike race,
Our worthie grandsires wayes and footings trace?
To show this wretched world that courage bold,
Doeth liue in vs which shinde in them of old,
And that our World-diuided Ile can send,
To drowne all lands forth a deluge of Men.
Brane fellowes! doe but backe reflect your sight,
On Ages past, with wonder and delight,
You will transported find an vncouth fire
Burne in your breasts with flames of braue desire.
To make you one day like these *Heroes* great,
Whose memorie liues fresh and valour yet.
And of whose loynes while they this land defended,
You were in armes begot and are descended.
Behold in *France* eight hundred yeares and more,
To *Charlemaigne* foure thousand *Scots* sent ore,

Se-

Securd his Kingdome from the *Saxon* harmes,
And well deſervde with their defenſive armes,
For which the Lillyes of our golden feild,
Encloſe the Lion in our Royall ſheild.
Behold two thouſand in *Ieruſalem*,
Braue Champions of the faith, true Scotiſh men:
Led by great *Hugo Philip's* brother bold,
Who then the ſcepter of faire *France* did hold.
Behold the holy King ſaint *Lewys* then,
Proud to lead on three thouſand Scots againe.
To *Paleſtine*, whilſt that braue Earle of *March*,
Their Captaine by his ſide did ſtoutelie march,
Of whoſe aſſiſtance finding ſo much good,
Our third King *Alexanders* helpe he ſu'd,
And had two thouſand more ſent to his neede;
Whom *Athols* Earle and *Carricks* Counte did lead.
Behold our ſecond *Dauid* arme for ayde,
To *Iohn* of *France* three thouſand Souldiers, led
By *William* Earle of *Douglas*, which did all
In *Poictou* with the French in battle fall.
Behold our *Robert* ſend to *Charles* againe,
Seuen thouſand, ſtout and Warrelike fighting Men,
Of which *Iohn* Earle of *Buchan* Gen'rall went,
And there the Earle of *Wigtoun*, though not ſent,
Who in theſe warres deſerud ſo well of France,
That *Charles* braue *Buchans* merite to advance
Made him great *Conſtable* of *France*, and ſent
Backe all his noble bandes againe, content
Till time requirde their ayde, and callde them ore,
To *France* ſupplied with three thouſand more.
All theſe, and many thouſands more of late,
Haue in their freinds defence gainde honors great.
The *Douglaſſes* long Dukes of *Touraine* were,
The *Hamiltons* of *Chaſtelraut* yet are,
The *Stuarts* Lords of *Aubigny* till now,
Whoſe gran Iſyres to that height of greatneſſe grew,

That one of them had absolute command
Ore all the gaged Souldiers of the Land.
Another governd *Millans* state and reyne
And one in *Naples* Vice-Roy did reigne,
Who after liv'd great Generall to bee
Of all the force of *France* in *Italie*
And of that Armie which hee hither led
In *England* sent vnto seventh *Henries* aide.
What noble minde not ravisht is to read,
In th' Annalls of those noble *Hero's* dead,
Whose worth surviving time, shall never die
But live enrolled in Eternitie?
O brave and happie Ghosts! for ever rest
In heavens triumphant glorie crownde and blest,
That you may from the rolling Spheares above
Behold the bodyes where your Soules doe move,
Assisted with your happie influence,
Live ever famous in all ages hence
To doe great things as you have done before,
Whose memory and Names time doth adore.
And you my Country-men cast vp your eyes
On those bright starres now fixt in honours skyes;
Glasse in their glorious deedes your actions all,
Now while this brave occasion doth you call.
Shunne sluggish rest, and that lethargicke sleepe,
Which doth your soules so long intranced keepe
In the base shadowes of obscuritie.
Vp, vp, awake that all the World may see,
The *Scotish Souldier* glistring in bright steele,
To make the Earth to stagger, shake and reele,
Drunke with her dwellers blood, who dare withstand
Refusing *Charles* his yoke, when you command
To draw his *waine*, and proud triumphant *Carre*,
Betwixt the *Artick* and *Antartick* starre.
Let *Tybers* streames no more runne crystall hued,
But black with goare, and *Danubie* swell embr.ed

With

With crimſon colourd brookes, whoſe currants fall
Downe from the mountaines, and the valleyes all,
Wherewith your ſwordes the ſources opned bee,
To make the Ocean all but one Red Sea.
Then, as this happy ſoyle hath lent you birth,
Which earſt did bring ſo many great ones foorth,
Showe you are valourous, and *Scotis* men true,
Whoſe arms can worlds of Enemies ſubdue:
Shake off all eaſe, and for ſoft beds of downe
To reſt vpon the ſtony earth lie downe.
Make Water Nectar, which you muddie drinke
Into a Morrian, and never thinke
On VVine, nor on that fine and daintie fare
For which no ſoule but pampred ſlaues do care:
Away thoſe vaine attires of ſtrange diſguiſe
And gaudie clothes which glance in Ladies eyes.
The Corſlet will become you better farre
And mould you brauelie like to men of VVarre,
Let painted puppies, womaniſh conceates,
Court monkies, which on fauour's ſmile awaits,
Fard, frize, and painte, for me, I never ſeeke
To haue a better collour on my cheeke,
Then when the duſt and ſweate doe hide my face,
Me thinkes ſuch grim-neſſe is a Souldiers grace:
And for that ſoftneſſe mignard youthes affect,
My humor ſcornes it in diſdaind neglect.
Let me ſtill heare the Cannons thundring voice,
In terror threaten ruine, that ſweet noyſe
Rings in my eares more pleaſing than the ſound
Of any Muſickes conſort can bee found.
Show mee two Armies which embattled ſtand,
VVith Squadrons ſpred abroad on everie hand:
And readie to encounter: ſuch a ſight
Doth more bereave my ſenſes with delight
Than all the pompous ſhowes the Court affords,
And Mignons maskes of Ladye and of Lords.

To see them give a charge, make a retraite,
Heere a Battalion broke, there one defaite;
A troup of horse charge footmen on the flankes:
Who closelie keepe their order, and their rankes,
The Pikes stand like a forrest broad and faire,
And streight presenting make a front all-where,
To heare the Trumpets sound, drummes thundring round,
Make Heaven amd earth, the Sea and land resound,
As if this All should suddainelie bee brought
To that confusion whence it first was wrought.
Then to see legges and armes torne ragged flie,
And bodyes gasping all dismembred lie,
One head beate off another, while the hand
Sheaths in his neighbours breast his bloodie brand,
A Cannon bullet take a Ranke away,
A Volley of small shot eclypse the day
With smoke of sulphure, which no sooner cleares,
But death and horrour everie where appeares;
The Vantguards joyne, of which the one orethrowes
The other, and ere all their bellies goes:
And then the Battles meete, at which doth stay
The victorie and fortune of the day.
There wounds with wounds are payd, and death with death
There, furie offreth to a conquering wrath.
The dying groanes of such as durst affront
A noble Courage, which did theirs surmount.
Where glorie binds her palmes about the head,
Who for true honour doth no danger dread,
But as a Lyon, roaring to asswage
Among the heards of sheepe his hungers rage,
Doth teare and rend, byte, kill on everie side,
Vntill his appetite bee satisfied,
So hee makes all about him find his blowes,
Whose weight who ever findeth downeward goes:
Then fall the conquerde Ensignes to the ground,
With those that bare them vp in blood now drownd.

The Conquerours crye aloud, the conquerd die,
And ſigh their laſt to ſee that *Victorie*:
VVhilſt a retraite is ſounding over all
The Victors troups in order backe to call
VVho rich in honour, and in booty come
Chargde with their Enemies ſpoyles triumphant home.
These are the glorious ſhowes which in mine eyes
Surpaſſe all gliſtring pompe and vanities.
The Campe's my Court, wherein a Corſlet clad,
I find more eaſe of mind, and walk more glad
Than hee who lac'd in gold and velvet goes
Proud of the ſilken gloſe of fading cloathes.
The trenches are my walkes where oft for ſport,
And recreation ſweet I doe reſort,
There midſt the flames of lightning, and the rayne,
Of Muſquet bullets pour'd on hundreds ſlayne.
I walke ſecurelie, and with more content,
Than if my howres were in ſoft pleaſure ſpent.
If any new deſigne or Enterprile
Be hatch'd, in which apparent danger lies,
And none but ſuch as faine wold honour winne,
Dare venter or attempt, O I there I runne
As others to a feaſt, and when I ſcale
A Towne or fort, and ſee our plott prevaile,
Though death did marre my way, my wiſhe goes even,
I'de thinke it were the way to honors heaven.
This way our grandſires went, this way our ſires,
This way muſt hee to honour who aſpires,
By this our brethren in theſe latter dayes,
Haue in the Schooles of VVarre beene crown'd with bayes
Shall wee who follow them degener then?
And not bee like our valiant Country-men?
VVho when calme peace at home their minds did marre,
Did ſeeke employment into forraine VVarre;
As *Holland* well can witneſſe, who did find
Their friendly help, and firſt did prove them kind
Of any neighbour Nation, when oppreſt

With Tyrannie ſhe firſt her neck did wreſt
From *Spaines* hard yoke, and did her power diſdaine
A ſtated freedome ſince to entertaine
By force of Armes, though not her owne. God knowes,
For all her Conqueſts to our Court'ſie owes.
A noble ſhare which ſhee forgetting now
Her vilè ingratitude doth baſelie ſhow.
For had they not at *Neyport* fought it out,
When but an handfull left, encloſd about,
The fortune of that day had not beene good;
But they would ſeale it with their deareſt blood:
And buye the Victorie at ſuch a rate,
As might deſerve more thankes, if friendly met.
The *Germane* Warres a number did invite,
For our *Elizæ's* Crowne with her to fight,
Who all alace were in her loſſes loſt,
So Heavns have in thoſe parts our parties croſt.
But yet wee hope to ſee the day againe,
On which than ere more glorious ſhee ſhall reigne,
When *Heidelberg*, which now her want doth mourne,
Her ſighes of ſorrow in ſweet Songs ſhall turne.
And her Triumphant bands ſhall march along
The bankes of *Rhene* remembring former wrong,
And make the flood Nymphes bluſh for joy to ſee
Their *Queene* returne in pompe of Majeſtie.
Denmark our gallants daylie doth employ
In hard exploits to worke their foes annoy;
And finds them prove true *Scotſmen* like themſelve
Where blood empurpleth oft the ſtreames of *Elve*.
Sweden emplores the ayde of *Scotiſh* bands,
Which in her beſt defence moſt bravelie ſtands
Againſt the fierce *Polonian Caſſaques* force,
And ſees them ſhake the Squadrons of their horſe.
The World all finds our help, or feares our harme,
If once our *CHARLES* ſhould in his anger arme,
O what an Armie then ſhould ſpread her winges?
Over all *Europe's* face to daunt her Kings?

When/

When *England* is our owne with vs to goe.
What may wee not? whom can wee not orethrow?
If God bee not against our great designes,
Where Sunne doth rise, and where his Carre declines,
From frozen *Zembla* to the torride Zone,
Thence to the Southerne Cape wee'll make our owne;
And all shall be great *Brittaines* Empire wide,
Having no neighbours but the Seas beside.
Goe to then braue, and hopefull *Scottish* brood,
And with your Swords let out the boyling blood,
Of the sicke Worlde in time, before shee bee
Full brainesicke-taken with a frenesie
Left in her madnesse hauing double strength,
Shee proue vndaunted head-strong at the length,
And cannot be in that subiection tide
In which is fit shee should to you abide:
First in the right arme *France*, set ope a veyne
To weaken her, then in the left arme *Spayne*,
Rippe vp another, whereby shee may bleed,
Out all that may or can infect the head,
But never bind them vp vntill the goare,
Haue made a Sea, a Sea without a shoare.
Time serues you now, come *Caualiers* or never,
(Whom Heavens haue ioynd no Earthlie powre can sever)
Braue *Scottes* and *English* ioyne your hearts and hands,
As loue hath done your long diuided lands,
Put both your Crosses white and red in one,
To fill *Great Charles* his standard with a sunne:
Which shall oreshine with glorious spreading beames,
The Vniuersall World in firie gleames:
And make his Enemies for feare looke blacke
Or at the sight dasht, flie and turne their backe
For honours sake and for your Countries fame,
As now this Iland all hath but one Name,
One *King*, one *Faith*, one *Language*, and one *Lawe*,
So let one *Loue* your *Hearts* together drawe,
That all *Scotes-English*, *English-Scotes*, may be,

Poſſeſt with that ſame minde which ruleth mee.
Then wee ſhall ſee that long expected day,
VVhen all our Lordings armde, ſhall caſt away
The frizled perwigges, powders, and perfumes,
VVhich feminine conceits no *Man* becomes,
And put on plomed caſques with loftie creſts
Vpon their heads, and Coriſits on their breſts,
And for ſoft carpets in the Court, betake
Themſelves vpon the ground their beds to make,
A ſtone for pillowe ſhall ſupport their heads,
VVithin theſe curtaines which ſtarrde Heaven ſpreads.
The raine and ſnow ſhall then beſt incenſe prove,
To purge the rowme, and loathſome ſmells remove,
Their dyet ſuch as bounteous heaven hath ſent
Vpon Occaſion, yeelding true Content,
And for a table eat it on the graſſe,
Their hands to drinke the water for a glaſſe,
Or golden Bowle, in which they ſhall not neede
To feare mixt poyſon, or to drinke with dread.
For lav'e the dutt and mud horſe feete have made,
Of worſe their neatneſſe need not bee affrayde.
This is the life the *Soldier* lives and loves,
VVhich though it painefull bee, great pleaſure proves.
And I doe thinke my ſelfe as happie then
VVhen I ſee nothing el but armed *Men*,
As hee whoſe eyes doe ſtare his wretched gold,
VVhich doth his ſoule a chained captive hold
VVithin a cheſt, and never doth delighe
But when his pelfeis ſet into his ſight.
The VVorld is made to ſerve the vſe of *Man*,
I have enough what need I further than;
Tis *Honour* which I aime at, and to gaine
That ſweeteneth all the ſowrneſſe of my paine:
That is the ſcope to which my minde aſpires,
That is the Soveraigne of my Soules deſires.
Arme, arme, to armes the Trumpets ſound all whete,
And Drummes doe beate in ev'rie Martiall eare.

FINIS.

A MONVMENT,

to the Memorie of the moſt noble,
and generous, Sr. W. Cuninghame,
Captaine of an Horſe trowpe,
killed in the Ile of RETZ.

Sr.

W. YC

HEERE lyes
Beneath this heape
Of bones, in quiet ſleepe
A Knight who never dyes.
SCOTLAND did lend him birth,
And vaunteth of His *WORTH*,
Bohemia's and the *GERMANE* VVarres
Bred from a Boye this hopefull *MARS*,
Vntill the ſervice of his *LORD* and *KING*
Did challenge his firſt flowres in *Valours* ſpring.
Thoſe *RETZ* did gather whilſt they did but bud,
And watring drownde the tree in *FRANCE'S* blood.
The *Souldiers*, *Honour*, *Love*, have reard this loftie frame,
To ſhrowde the ſacred aſhes of *Courageous* CUNINGHAME.

LAWDER.

NOMINIS ET ELOGII AVTHORIS, ANALEMMA.

Authoris { Nomen { Magister Georgius Laderus. Anagr. Armiger, laude gestis surgo. } Elogium. Sunt Artibus Arma decori. }

CARMEN.

Armiger & gestis surgo cum laude, *Laderus.*
Sic decori mea sunt, artibus arma meis.
G. Ballendinus.

Ad authorem, Encomiasticum.

Laus in laudato, non in laudante locanda est,
Et sequitur meritum, corpus vt vmbra, suum:
Fiet adulator, *literis*, laudator, *eisdem,*
Quando quis indignos laudat honore viros.
Tu neq; laudis eges, nec nostro augeberis ore
Sufficis in laudes, ipse Ladere tuas.
Nam velut artificis rutilo lapis annulus igni
Spernit opem, proprio plus satis orbe micans:
Sic tua nullius virtus plus indiga laudis,
Ipsa suo gaudet, te sibi vate satis.
Serta tibi data prima toga, deiu altera billi,
Sic juveni gemina est laurea parta tibi:
Ista virûm est virtus, non vni insistere calli,
Ast vtrâq; viâ, carpere laudis iter.
Pergito chare Nepos, & quàm potes, assere laudem,
Assere in æternos post tua fata dies.
Assere, proclive est, & si non faveris ipsa
Invidia, in laudes fac crepet vsq; tuas.

G. Ballendinus.

WIGHT.

To the Kings moſt excellent Maieſty.

BY

L. A VVDER.

SVNT ARTIBVS ARMA DECORI.

EDINBVRGH

Printed by *Iohn Wreittoun*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, a little beneath the ſalt Trone. 1629.

To his ſacred Maieſtie.

DIſdaine not mightie Monarch to give eare
To this poore Nymph, who humbly doth entreate
Thine ayde, and pardon for her Song, which feare
In ſuch a lowly ſtraine to THEE ſo great,
Preſumes vpon thy goodneſſe to preſent,
And by a Souldiers hand it to THEE ſent.

By your Majeſtie moſt humble ſubject,
ſervant and Souldier,

LAWDER.

WIGHT.

ABout what time the faire *Latona's* Sonne
To light this lower Round, the round did runne
In which the Heavens sterne *Archer* standing, poures
His falling shafts on earth in frequent showres:
One day, as day the mornings blush did cleere,
And Starres eclypsd dy'd in our *Hemisphere*,
The winds were whist, heaven lourd on Sea and land,
And a sad silence did the World command:
When midst the smoothed marble of the Maine
Neere *Albions* South shore, appeared plaine
A sweet and statelie *Nymph*, to heave her head
Above the waters faire, her locks did spread
Their golden curles her shoulders all about,
And flood-like flowde to where they late sprung out.
A flowrie Anademe her temples crownd,
Which was of Oake and Ivie braunches bound.
Her right hand held a dart *Diana*-like,
With which shee wounde the flying Stagge to strike,
The waves about her softlie swelling, raisde
A chrystall Throne, on which shee sate and gaz'de
The Seas and shoares about a prettie while,
With an amazed looke and woundring smile.
Then, on the neighbouring Coast her eyes shee cast,
And thus her silence did breake off at last.

What sad mischance hath causd this vncouth change?
Why lookes the hilles and mountaines all so strange?
What murmuring noise and whispers doe I heare?
And sounds of sorrow eechoing in mine eare;
How lookes my sister *Albion* now so sad?
With lowne cast brow who sung but late so glad?
Tell mee you muttring brookes hilles daughters faire
Why weepe you so, and teare your silver haire?

And meeting heere in *Neptunes* watrie court
Why leave you off your wounted joyes and sport?
Ay mee! what may this bee? some heavie losse
It feares mee much, or something that doth crosse
The publick weal at home, or some sad newes
Of Warres abroad, which Fame doth now infuse
In everie eare; what ever losse it bee,
The Heavens defend my *Charles*, and he'll keepe Mee.
But ah! I see the cause why all things mourne,
The fleet from *Reez* doth homeward now returne,
But with great losse alace! of valiant Knights,
And worthy Captaines killd in bloody fights:
Of which my Sonne braue *Burrowes* was the first,
A *Souldier* from the cradle bred and nurst,
And many of those gallants, who but late:
Did liue with mee, attending this sad fate.
For when they parted hence, faire *Wight*, said they
Farewell, now fortune calleth vs away,
Wee must begone, yet Heaven shall witnesse bee,
In absent sighs how wee haue loved Thee.
Poore Soules! they now sleepe in eternall rest,
May their poore bones no trouble more molest:
Ah cursed *Reez*! for ever cursed bee,
Thou art the ground of all this greese we see,
Thy loue hath causd our losse, thy wine our woe,
Thy salt our sorrow which doth vexe vs so.
How many thousands but for thee haue di'd?
By sea and land, and fire and sword haue tri'd?
Thy Sister *Rochell*, earst to keepe thee free,
Venterd her children, state, and libertie:
Yet lost thee and her children, and almost
(Had not Heaven fought for her) her halfe the lost.
When brainsick *Belgia* sent her shippes from farre,
To fight with God (in that vngodlie Warre,
In which shee to her shame the cloake did teare
Of true *Religion*, which her selfe did weare,

To

To cover her rebellion not long ſince,
When ſhee revolted from her lawfull Prince.)
And even my *Charles* (deceau'd I muſt avow)
Did lend his helpe his freinds to overthrow.
O thou vnhappie Nymph canſt not bee good!
Whoſe beauty muſt be bought ſo deare with blood,
And none can e're enjoy but jealouſie,
In hazard of ſome rivall enemie.
But what doe I exclame? 'twas Heavens decree
The land ſhould ſuffer and no fault in thee.
This Nations ſinnes haue made theſe Armies ſmart,
And Pride is puniſhd now with juſt deſert,
All ſee it and confeſſ't, then let vs now,
With truelie humbled hearts our bodyes bow
Before the throne of Heavens abundant grace.
And with vnfeined teares firſt beg *Gods* peace,
Then make juſt Warre abroad, that he may bleſſe
Our Armes, and good deſignes with glad ſucceſſe,
Elſe never looke to act what wee intend,
Nor bring but ſhame vnto our ſelues in end.
The world now laughs to ſee vs brought ſo low,
Who boaſted ſo great things a while agoe,
Fraunce, who before ſhee ſaw what wee could doe
Even trembled at our Name, doth taunt vs now,
And threatens an invaſion, ſhee who late
Halfe graunted all we crav'd at eaſie rate,
And had begunue to talke and ſpeake vs faire,
But for to bee well vſd, ſhee was ſo neare:
Now ſhee with *Spaine* ſecur'd, doth ſcoffing ſtand,
And both doe boaſt to over-runne this land.
Sweet ſiſter doe not you deſpiſe their threattes;
Nor be deceavd too farre with ſelfe conceattes,
In truſting to your fleeting Caſtles ſtrength,
As Queene of th'Ocean, but expect at length,
After ſo long you now that right maintaine,
Since bleſt *Eliza's* dayes and happie raigne,

To see your fleet effronted with a fleete,
Which may bee made (who knowes) with yours to meete.
Still judge the worst, and so in time provide,
That wee may after any storme abide
Both you and *I*, who heere (God knowes) doe lye,
Naked, and open to each Enemie.
And shall I still be so without defence?
A prey expos'd to forraine violence?
Doe *I* deserue no better? is faire *Wight*
Of so small worth into her *Charles* his sight?
Shee whom great *Neptune* loues and doth embrace?
And Heavens haue blessed with so sweet a face;
Shee in whose losse all *Albion* should be lost.
If forraine force were Conqueror of her coast:
Why *I* am worthie of a *Prince's* loue
And euen my looker may his good liking moue:
Lesse worthie haue beene Queenes, nor am *I* proud,
To thinke I may be of proud *Iber* woo'd,
Or of the mignard *French* who would be glad,
As he expectes to haue me to his bed,
Say he should court me in rough complement,
And driue my weakenesse to a forc'd consent:
Vpon what termes could I withstand his sute.
Or with what strong refusall hold him out?
I am a *Woman*, and as women bee
Feeble, (when forc'd alone,) t'lies not in me,
Thus helpelesse, hopelesse, subiect to all harmes,
T'oppose a sotter when he sues in armes,
Had I assistance of assurd defence,
And were secur'd from forreine insolence,
With fortresses, in which *I* durst repose,
Then *I* could laugh, and never feare to lose,
Nor honour, nor that Iewell of my life,
My *Chastitie* to be a strangers Wife.
Great *Charles* but once be pleas'd to cast an eye,
Vpon poore *Wight*, who for thine aide doth cry,

Dan-

Danger doth threaten, and it ſeemes, is neare,
Preuent it, and forgiue a Womans feare.
Take ſome good courſe that I may ſtill be thine,
In ſpite of all thine Enemies and mine.
My Children from the wombe are bred for VVarre,
And armd in my defence dare goe as farre
As any Nation that the ſunne doth ſee,
But haue no ſtrength to ſheeld themſelues nor me,
If once a ſtranger land, my caſtles all,
Should quickly in their ruines ſee vs fall,
And euen that *Fort which built vpon my breſt, *Cares-brooke caſtle.
Is in the worlds vaine hope accounted beſt,
It once my dwellers ſhould be driuen there,
Is but of ſmall defence, t'would proue a ſnare:
Within ſhort ſpace, and ere thine ayde could come,
I ſhould be ſpoyld, burnd, waſted, and vndone,
Let me but haue one place which can receaue,
If neede ſhould be (a ſiege) myne owne to ſaue.
You ſee how *Nerz* who was as weake as *I*
A while but ſince did all our force defie,
Though thou were Lord of both the Sea and Land,
Her victualls and all ſuccours to withſtand,
I am not ſo a weaker hold to me
Were of more hope, and haue the Ocean free,
VVhich neither *France* nor *Spayne* for all their boaſtes,
Can ever barre from thee to braue thy Coaſtes.
Then while Time ſerues the hazard to preuent,
Prouide, ere Time be ſloathfullie miſ-ſpent,
All wiſh me well, but onelie thou canſt make me
Moſt happie if in thy defence thou take me,
My ſiſters Children from the furtheſt North,
Of *Albany* and from the bankes of *Forth*,
Bound for thy ſeruice in theſe Warres of *France*,
Are falne into my handes by happie chance,
And now doe liue with me in ſuch delight,
That they are all enamoured of thy *Wight*.

Yea

Yea they doe ſigh to ſee mee in this caſe,
Expoſd to evry ſtrangers rude embrace;
And ere they ſaw me forcd would venter all,
Their liues, and blood in my defence to fall.
Once more excuſe this importunitie
Great *Charles*, and though my ſexes modeſtie
Forbid to woo thee ſo, yet think how deare
Mine honour, and my Childrens liues appeare
To mine owne eyes, and evry loving Mother,
And then I hope thy gracious thoughtes will ſmother
The faſhion of my ſute, and let me haue
Thy Royall ayde, and what my need doth craue.
So may as many *laurells* bind thy browes,
In glorious conqueſts, and great overthrowes,
Of Enemies, by thee in *Triumph* led,
As there be lampes in Heaven when light is fled;
And may Heavens bleſſing ſhield thy Crowne and State,
To make thee once *Great Britaines Charles* the *Great*.
This when the Nymph had ſayd, ſhee turnd about,
And div'd beneath the deep where ſhee came out,
The trembling marble where ſhee hid her head,
A hundred rounds about the place did ſpread.
Heaven ſtreight-way ſmil'd, and *Phœbus* ſhining bright,
His golden beames beate on the Ile of *Wight*.

FINIS.

Sunt Artibus Arma
Decori.
LAWDER.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE GENERALLIE BEVAILLED, Sr. IHON BVRROWES, COLONELL GENERALL AT THE ISLE OF RETZ, WHERE HEE WAS SLAYNE.

STAY Passenger, and read vpon this stone
A Tragick Story, in the losse of one
By Fates vntimelie stroake entombed heere,
Who *Mars* his mignon was, the *Muses* deare,
A *Souldier* and a *Scholler*, one by birth
As truelie Noble, as for Vertuous *Worth*.
The *Buckler* and the *Booke* were his delightes,
To lead the armed *Arts* to fields and fightes.
No lady but *Minerva* he did loue,
Anothers lookes could not his liking moue,
His Valor *Holland* witnesst'd, *Spaine* adoares,
Fraunce feard, admird, and *England* now deploares.
To tell thee who it is let this suffice,
Heere Noble, *Valiant*, Learnd, Braue BVRROWES, lies.

SVNT ARTIBVS ARMA DECORI.

LAWDER.

FINIS.

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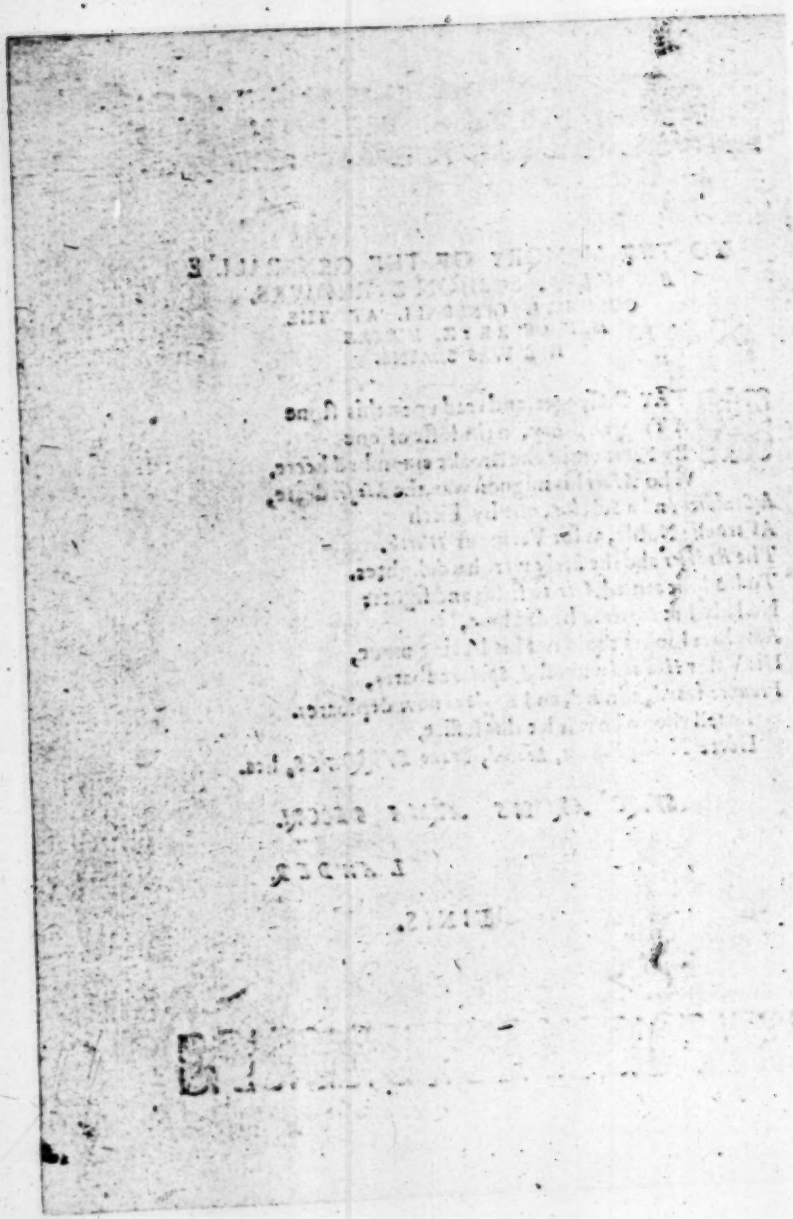

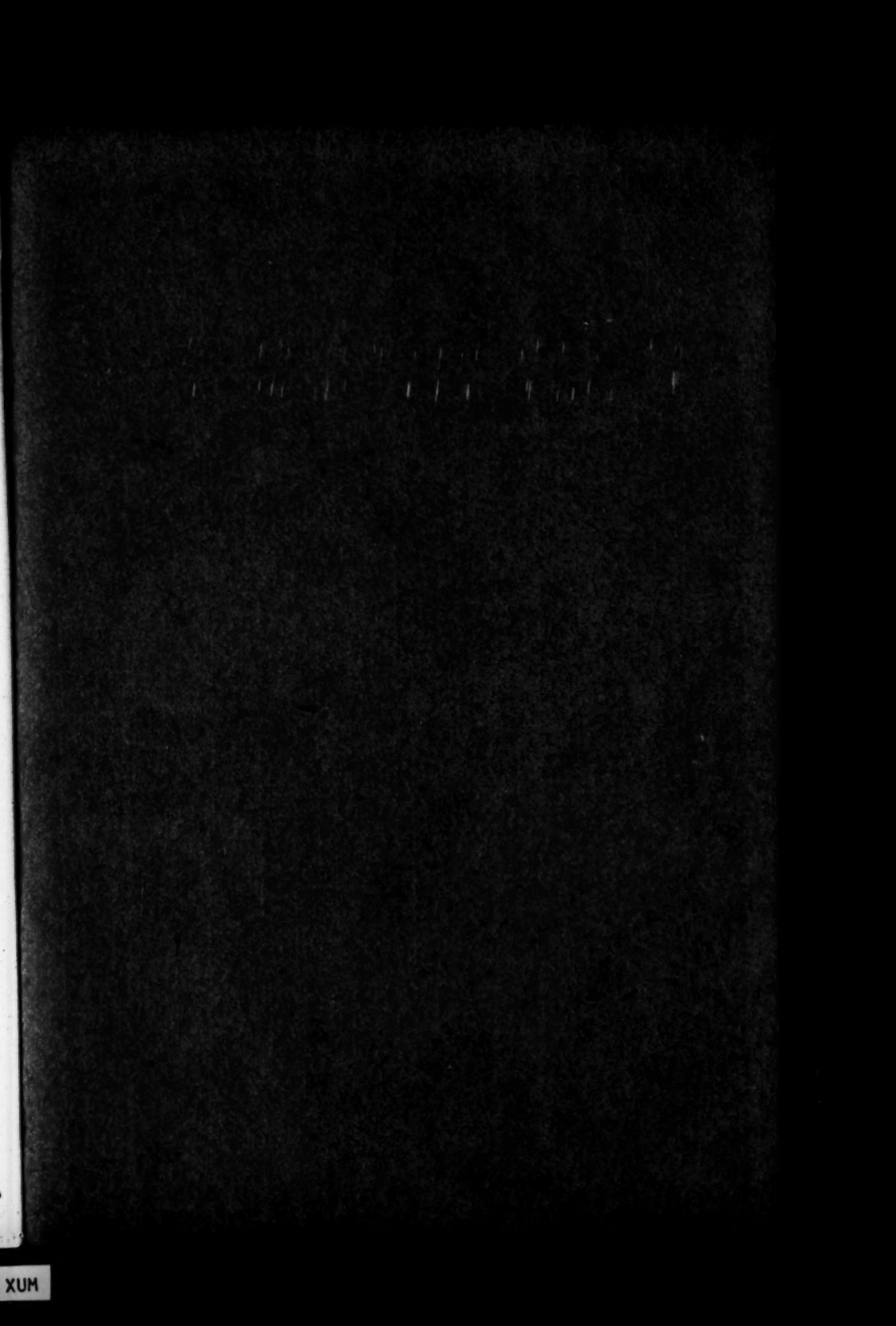

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